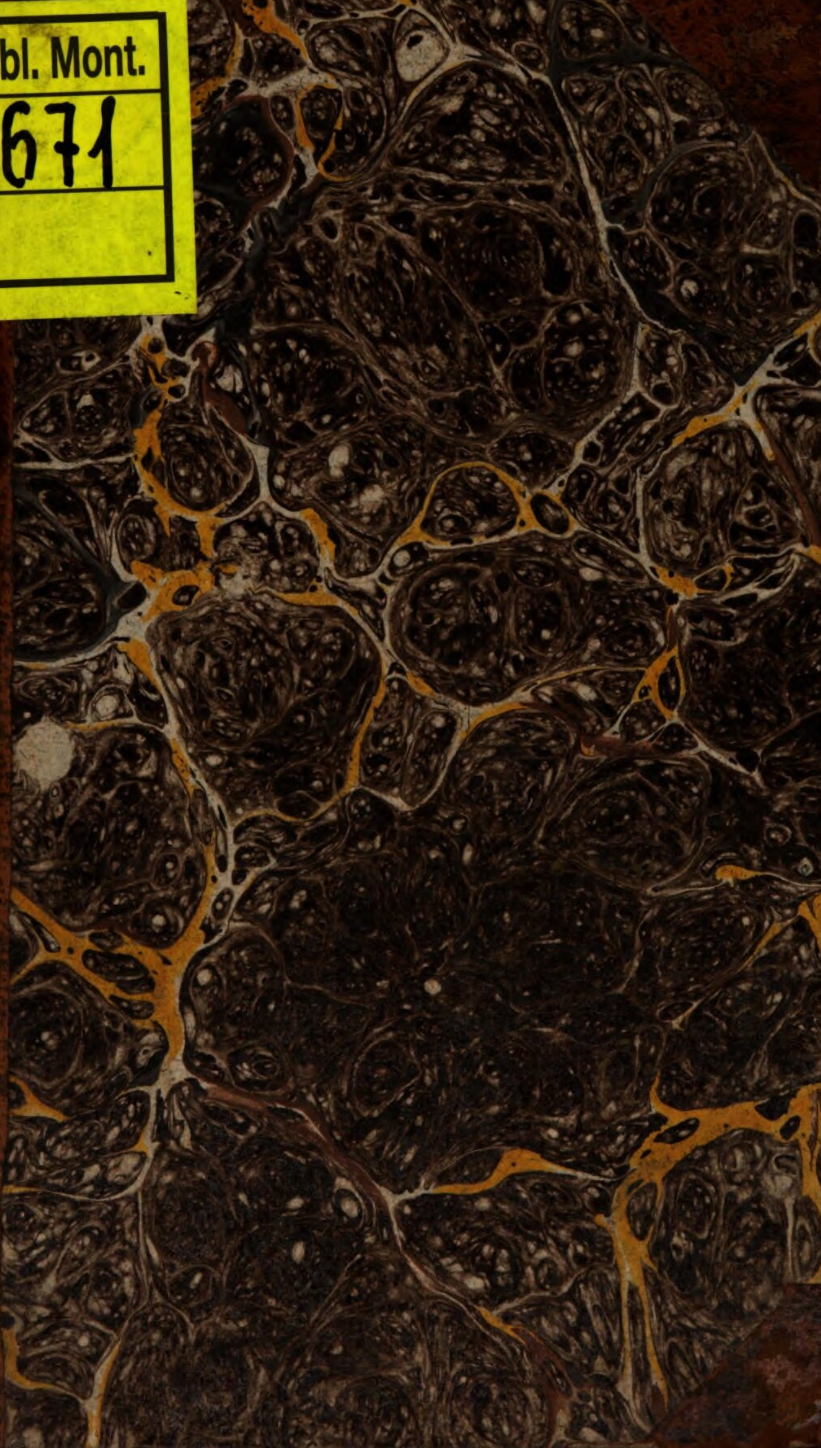


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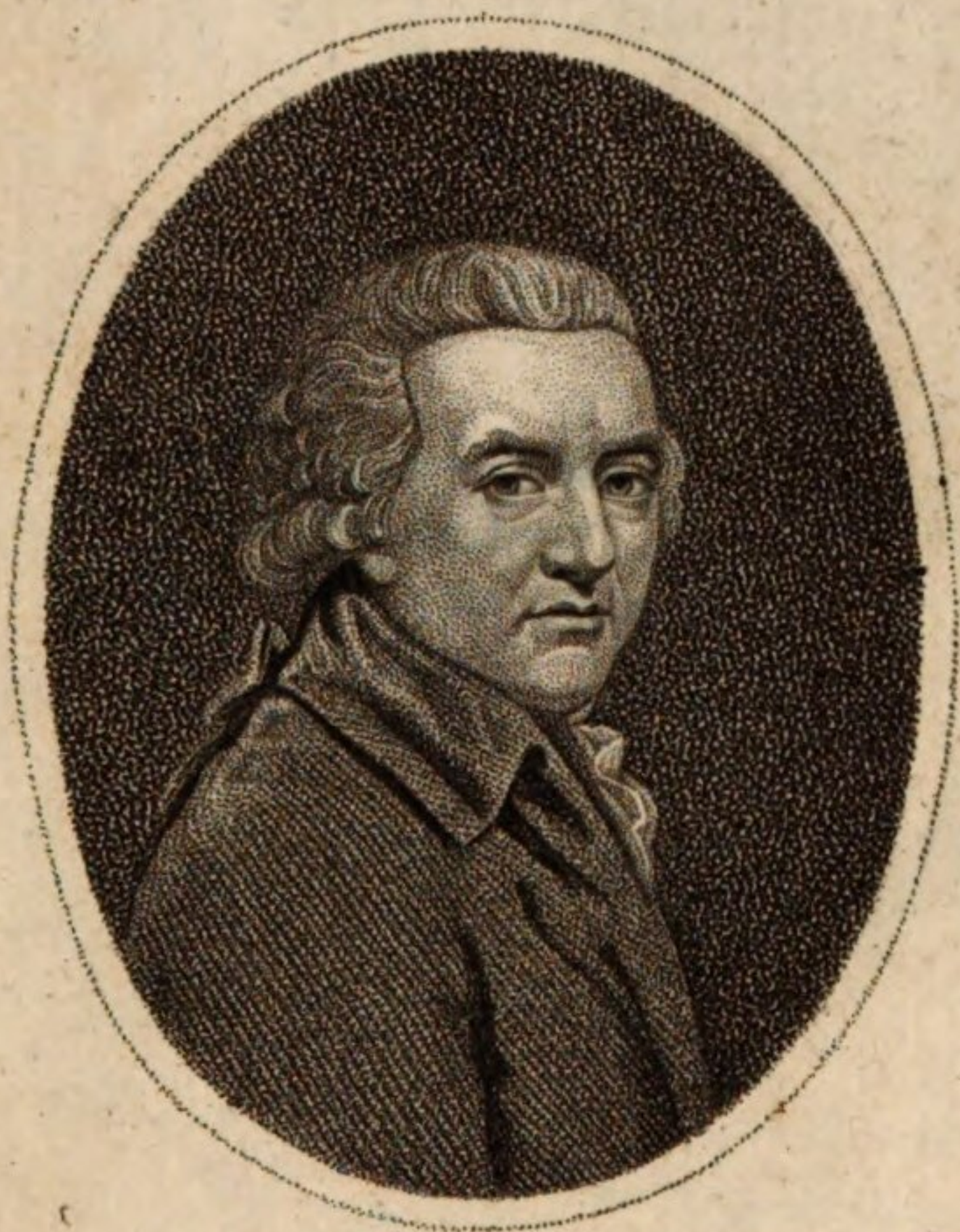
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ODES, EPISTLES &c.

BY WOLCOTT,

Called Peter Pindar;

With a sketch of his Life.



PARIS.

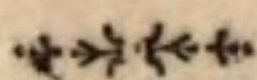
Published

BY PARSONS AND GALIGNANI.

1804.



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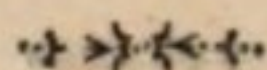


THE LIFE
OF
JOHN WOLCOTT, M. D.

This gentleman, better known by his poetical appellation of *Peter Pindar*, is a native of Dodbrook, near Kingsbridge, in that part of Devonshire which has been so justly called the Garden of England. He was educated, we believe, at Kingsbridge, near which he was born. The schoolmaster of that town, an exceeding good scholar, and a man of most amiable manners, was a quaker; and after being removed from under his care, young Wolcott was sent to France, to complete his studies.

The uncle of our bard being a single man, and established at Fowey, in Cornwall, as Surgeon and Apothecary, took his nephew, when young, with a view to his succeeding him in business. Here he acquired a tolerable share of medical knowledge; and was in great esteem not only with his kinsman, but the whole neighbourhood. At his leisure hours he cultivated his mind by the perusal of the best modern writers; and improved himself considerably in the art of drawing, to which he shewed an early propensity. (*)

(*) The doctor, while a boy, was accustomed to retire from his uncle's house to an old ruined tower, situated on

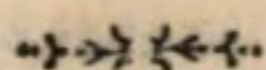


On the appointment of Sir William Trelawney to be Governor of Jamaica, about the year 1769, Mr. Wolcott felt a strong inclination to accompany him thither, especially as that gentleman was a distant relation of his own, and a great friend to the family. He, accordingly, pressed his uncle, not only to give his consent to the project, but also to solicit the favour from Sir William.

The old gentleman was at first extremely concerned at this turn in his nephew's mind, which was a complete overthrow of his favourite scheme respecting him, while at the same time it deprived himself of a most useful assistant. Remonstrances, however, were vain; and, therefore, with the greatest good-nature, he waited on the Governor, and obtained his request that the young adventurer, who had now qualified himself for the medical profession, and received the degree of M. D. should make one in his suite.

In the course of the voyage the ship touched at Madeira, where Peter, enchanted with the beauties which nature so luxuriantly exhibits in that island, wrote some exquisite sonnets. On his arrival at Jamaica, he practised as a physician, and was actually nominated Physician-General to the island. A circumstance, however, occurred that diverted him, for some time, from his medical career, and threw him into the arms of a profession, by no means congenial to his disposition.

a rock close to the sea, where he devoted the most delicious moments of his existence to the cultivation of the Muses.

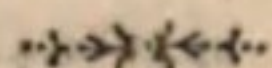


The Incumbent of a living in Jamaica, happened to pay the last tribute to nature not long after the Doctor settled there. Whether his practice had not been sufficiently lucrative, or what other motive might have actuated him, we know not, but certain it is he looked upon the vacant rectory with a wishful eye. The physician of the body, accordingly commenced physician of the soul, and officiated for some little time in this capacity. (*)

On his return, he repaired to the place of his former residence, and after living there some time, removed to Truro, where he practised during several years as a physician, with great credit and success. His uncle soon after died, and left him nearly two thousand pounds.

The Doctor's satirical vein shewed itself on various occasions in Cornwall; particularly in some humorous jokes, at the expence of Mr. Rosewarne, of Truro; a man of low birth, but great pomposity, who had offended the Doctor, and consequently became fair game. He was also engaged in some troublesome and expensive law suits; one of which was with the corporation of

(*) In order to remove every suspicion of *intrusion*, it is but just here to remark, that Dr. W. was regularly ordained by the Bishop of London. On the death of his Excellency Sir Wm. Trelawney, he returned to England along with Lady Trelawney, in his majesty's frigate the *Leostoffe*, Captain Carkett, and having put into Teneriffe, the Doctor resided some time with the Governor, in consequence of which, that island also became the scene of several of his sonnets.

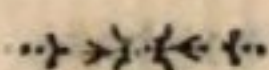


Truro, relative to their right of putting upon him a parish apprentice.

During his residence in this county, the Doctor had an opportunity of bringing forward to the world an eminent natural genius, who otherwise might have been buried in total oblivion, or at the most, have become a sign-painter in his native country. The person we allude to is JOHN OPIE, whose rude drawings in common chalk, especially likenesses, our Doctor viewed with some curiosity, in his rides through the village of St. Anne, where Opie was a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house-carpenter.

These drawings were so superior to what could be expected in such a place, and from such a person, that the physician was induced to become his instructor and his patron. He accordingly furnished him with materials, and gave him lessons, by which he profited in a manner that surprised and delighted the benevolent tutor. Having made a rapid progress, Opie went to Exeter, where he acquired both reputation and money by painting the portraits of some of the most eminent people of that place. From that city he removed to London, and pursued his occupation with no common share of success.

Of the Doctor's poetical productions, while he was engaged in the practice of physic, we have seen only a single specimen, but that is an excellent one, and we trust our readers will be pleased with us for inserting it in this place.



In the year 1776, when Mr. Polwhele, well known by his various publications, was at Truro-school, he had given to him for an evening exercise, to be translated into English, the following beautiful Latin epigram on sleep:

Somne levis, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te, tamen esse tori:

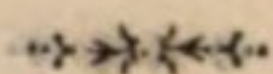
Alma quies, optata veni; nam, sic, sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est; sic, sine morte, mori.

Of this epigram the Doctor was requested to give a translation, which he produced in a few minutes, as follows:

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And tho' death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

Our author's first literary production was an "*Epistle to the Reviewers*," 4to. 1782, a truly laughable piece of satire, and certainly discharged against fair game. His next performance was "*Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*," 1785, in which is exhibited a happy mixture of wit, taste, and elegance, but at the same time it must be allowed that some of the criticisms, particularly those respecting the paintings of Mr. West, are perhaps rather too severe.

In the year following, he published another set of odes to the members of the Royal Academy, bearing the same characteristics. About the same time he produced a performance of more origina-



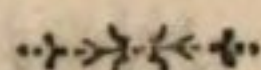
lity and boldness. This was the *Lousiad*, a mock heroic poem, abounding in wit, humour, and strength.

The foundation on which our Satirist erected this lively piece, was as follows: — His Majesty, one afternoon at dinner, actually observed a louse upon his plate, among some green peas. This offensive object occasioned a decree to be issued forth, that all the cooks, scullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, should have their heads shaved. Great murmurings were excited by this mandate; but the law, like that of the Medes and Persians, was irrevocable.

On this incident, Peter formed his exquisite production, and it was the *truth* of it alone, that exempted him from prosecution.

His next publication was an epistle to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. the self-sufficient attendant upon Dr. Johnson in his tour to the Hebrides. This was followed by « *Bozzi and Piozzi*, » in which the folly of *tittle tattle* biographers is exposed in the happiest manner.

The greatest success now attended our author's publications, which were translated into all the languages of Europe; and are read at this moment in the cottages of America. Never did any Satirist display such various excellence. Those who disapproved of his sentiments, and were offended at his freedom and want of respect for authority, could not read his poems with unmoved muscles. To give a catalogue of his numerous writings



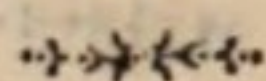
would be needless. There can be no occasion to specify at length what is universally known, and as universally admired. Though our author has shone most conspicuously as a Satirist (and here, indeed, his splendour has been of an extraordinary brilliancy), yet the reader of his sonnets will sometimes be disposed to regret his having devoted so much of his time and genius to temporary and personal subjects.

The admirers of poetical elegance, may laugh at our bard's pleasant tales, and whimsical descriptions; but they will feel a more exquisite sensation on perusing the tender and sentimental effusions of his pen.

It is a fact at once curious and interesting, that his works were the solace of Kotziusco, during his imprisonment in Russia.

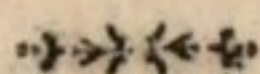
The Doctor, we understand, lately superintended a new edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, to which he made some additions, particularly the character of the famous landscape painter, Richard Wilson. Before we conclude, it may not be amiss to remark that, in his conversation, our Satirist exhibits no symptoms of acerbity, but, on the contrary, displays an unusual portion of information, hilarity and good nature.

It is with great pleasure we now announce that the situation of Dr. W. in respect to pecuniary arrangements, is comfortable, and that a period has been put to a chancery suit with his bookseller, in consequence of a decree in his favour.



Our poet, we believe, once more practises as a physician. Lately recovered from an *asthma*, he has acquired an intimate acquaintance with the theory of that disease, and is himself a living instance, that, with skilful management, it is not fatal, even in its last and worst stages. He has also minutely investigated the structure of that delicate organ, the human ear.

This is a species of knowledge neither to be obtained on the summit of Parnassus, nor drawn from the fountain of Hippocrene; but there is a certain universality in genius, which, indeed, constitutes one of its chief characteristics.



A

POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

EPISTLE

TO THOSE LITERARY COLOSSUSES

THE

REVIEWERS.

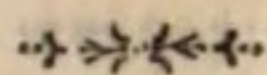
Carmines, Dî Superi placantur; Carmines, Manes.

Vast are the pow'rs of Verse, indeed so strong,
 Angels and devils can be sooth'd by Song.

FATHERS of Wisdom, a poor wight befriend;
 Oh, hear my simple prayer in simple lays:
 In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,
 And of your Worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see;
 I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig!
 Then hear me, Guardians of the sacred Tree,
 And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
 Soon will the press my tuneful soul display:
 Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;
 And your petitioner shall ever pray.



My works condemn'd, the Muse with grief will
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue! [groan,
Know, I have teeth and stomach like your own,
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,
Ye secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, scalping knives in shape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die:

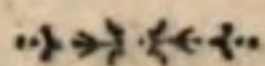
Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)
The limbs of butcher's writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greasy flannel caps ye met together,
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression
Against your Honours, men of classic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,
Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,
Nor vulgar call'd your wit, your manners coarse;
Nor swore on butcher'd authors that ye fed,
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never said, that, pedlar like, ye sold [cheese;
Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or
Too well I knew ye silver scorn'd, and gold—
Such dross, a sage Reviewer never sees!



I never hinted, that with half a crown
 Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;
 Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
 No—for I knew you'd spurn the paltry bribe.

I ne'er aver'd, ye critics to a man,
 For pence would swear an owl excell'd the lark;
 Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
 That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd an author's book,
 Until your wise opinions came abroad;
 On these with holy rev'rence did I look:
 With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me G-d!

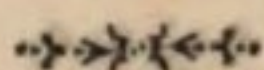
The fam'd LONGINUS all the world must know;
 The gape of wonder ARISTARCHUS drew,
 As well as ALEXANDER'S (*) Tutor, lo!
 All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, « Pray, Sir, your opinion
 « Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride
 « The world of learning, and with proud dominion,
 « High on the backs of crouching authors ride! »

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, « Odd's-blood!
 « No works like theirs such criticism convey:
 « Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
 « E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*. »

Did others cry, « Whate'er their brains indite,
 « Be sure, is excellent—a partial crew!

(*) Aristotle.



« With Io Pæans usher'd to the light,
 « And prais'd to folly in the next Review:»

This was my answer to each snarling elf, [foam,)
 (My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with
 « Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?
 « And should not charity begin at home?

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—

« Think you one could not bribe 'em? » Not a na-
 « A beef-stake, with a pot or two of beer, [tion.
 « Might save a little volume from damnation. »

Furious I've answer'd, « Lo! my Lord CARLISLE
 « Implores, in vain, a seat in FAME's old temple;
 « Though *you* applaud, *their* wisdoms will not smile;
 « And what they disapprove is surely simple.

« Could gold succeed, enough the Peer might raise
 « To buy the shirtless critics o'er and o'er:
 « 'Tis merit only can command their praise,
 « Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More (*).

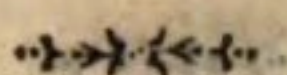
« The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,
 « Which all of us would give our ears to own;
 « The *Captive*, *Percy*, both, like mustard strong, (**)
 « That woeful force from PITY's soul the groan. «

Hail, Bristol town! Bœotia now no more, [slowly
 Since GARRICK'S SAPPHO sings, though rather
 All hail, Miss HANNAH! worth at least a score,
 Ay, twenty score, of CHATTERTON and ROWLEY.

(*) A Lady talked of for her rhimes, and emphatically
 called, by a *certain* class of readers, the tenth Muse.

(**) A pair of tragedies.

Men



Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy :
 Great NEWTON's self this failing did inherit ;
 Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
 And hide in lurking holes a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautions modesties I see, [dark :
 When from your bow'r with bats ye wing the
 And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
 Dining with good DUKE HUMPHRY in the park.

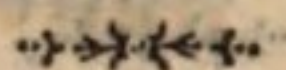
Meek Sirs ! in frays ye choose not to appear,
 A circumstance most natural to suppose,
 And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
 Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo ! ye don't desire,
 Nor do ye hastily on books decide ;
 But first at ev'ry coffee-house inquire,
 How, in its favour runs the public tide.

There, Wisdom, often with a critic wig, [scowling,
 The face demure, knit brows, and forehead
 I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
 Musing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen ! I dread your drubs ;
 Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes !
 Strung with new strength, beneath your massy
 Alas ! I shall not an ANTÆUS rise. [clubs,

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
 Great Caliban, the giant JOHNSON stretch'd !
 The British ROSCIUS too your clubs confound,
 Whose fame the farthest of the stars hath reach'd.



If such so easy sink beneath your might,
 Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
 Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—
 Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, ye grant me my petition,
 With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet
 And should it chance to pass a first edition, [shine;
 In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please;
 For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
 Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
 To squeeze JOHN MURRAY like the furious
 MASON*.

Strange Sirs! if favour in your sight I find,
 If fame ye grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver;
 Wish you sound coats, clean linen, masters kind,**
 Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

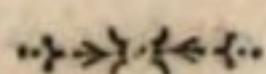
TO THE REVIEWERS.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

'Tis hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
 Ye thus should lord it o'er the world of wit:
 No higher court your sentence to controul,
 Ye hang, or ye reprieve, as ye think fit!

* The contest between Mr. Mason and the Bookseller added not an atom to the reputation of the Poet.

** The Booksellers.



Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:

Whether ye look all rosy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like starving cats so lean;
Whether your criticism each pocket fills [clean;
With half-pence, keeping you close shav'd and

Whether in gorgeous raiment ye appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all;

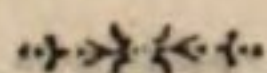
Whether ye look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate usurpers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone.

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward sages;
Officiousness the modest bard abjures:
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A brace of sinners for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.



Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel ,
 With something in their shoes much worse than
 In short, their toes , so gentle to *amuse* , [*gravel* ;
 The priest had ordered peas into their shoes :

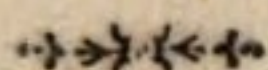
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
 For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;
 A sort of apostolic salt ,
 That popish parsons for its powers exalt
 For keeping souls of sinners *sweet* ,
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat* .

The knaves set off on the same day ,
 Peas in their shoes , to go and pray ;
 But very diff'rent was their speed , I wot ;
 One of the sinners gallop'd on ,
 Light as a bullet from a gun ;
 The other limp'd as if he had been *shot* .

One saw the VIRGIN soon — *peccavi* cry'd —
 Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever :
 Then home again he nimbly hied ;
 Made fit , with saints above , to live for *ever* .

In coming back , however , let me say ,
 He met his brother-rogue about half way ;
 Hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees ;
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :
 His eyes in tears , his cheeks and brows in sweat ,
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet .

« How now ! » the light-toed , white-wash'd pilgrim
 « You lazy lubber ! » — [broke ,



« Odds curse it! » cried the other, « 'tis no *joke* —

« My feet, once hard as any rock,

« Are now as soft as *blubber*.

« Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;

« As for Loretto, I shall not get there:

« No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go;

« For damme if I ha'n't lost ev'ry toe.

« But, brother sinner, do explain

« How 'tis that you are not in pain;

« What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your*

« Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling, [toes;

« Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,

« Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

« How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,

« Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!

« Why, » cry'd the other, grinning, « you must know,

« That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

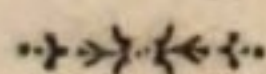
« To walk a little more at ease,

« I took the liberty to boil *my* peas! »

FAREWELL ODE.

Pious Peter acknowledgeth great obligations to the Reverend Mister Martin Luther—Yet lamenteth the effects of this Parson's reformation on Painting.

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTIN LUTHER
Who found to Heav'n a shorter way and smoother;
And shall not soon repay the obligation:



MARTIN against the Papists got the laugh ;
 WHO, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf
 To whiteness — bled and bang'd unto *salvation* :

As if such drubbings could expel their sins ;
 As if that Pow'r, whose works with awe we view,
 Grac'd all our backs with sets of comely skins,
 Then order'd us to beat them black and blue.

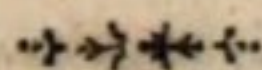
Well then ! we must confess for certain,
 That much we owe to brother MARTIN,
 Who alter'd, for the better, our religion :
 Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING much did lose ;
 Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS ! like a goose ;
 Or, for the rhyme-sake, like a pigeon.

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL,
 Down from the churches men began to pull
 Pictures, that long had held a lofty station ;
 Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,
 For curing, by a miracle, the ills
 That now so stubborn yield not to devotions,
 But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
 That make such handsome 'pothecaries' bills.

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to Sprats ;
 And HE (*) who held discourses with a Hog,
 That, grunting after him, so us'd to jog,
 Came down by favour of long sticks and bats.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on spits, like ven'son roast-
 Broiling on gridir'ns ; baking in an oven ; [ing ;

(*) Commonly known by the name of Pig-Anthony.



Or on a fork, like cheese of Cheshire, toasting;
Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven;
All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall,
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor Old England's breeding,
In wonders, many foreign ones, exceeding,
Our hot REFORMERS did as roughly handle:
In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter,
But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR;
Put up in lots, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists — Lord! we still had seen
Devils and Devils' mates, young pimping liars
Tempting the blushing NUNS of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS:
Which NUNS, so pure, no love-speech could cajole;
Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head
Fresh in his hand, and, with affection, kissing;
As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,
By knife or broad-sword, never had been missing:
Then had we seen, upon their friendly coating,
SAINTS on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've seen a SAINT on board a ship,
To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,
Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
Poor wooden fellow! twenty times a day:

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd — call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind, to fair from foul!



And oft these things have brought a prosp'rous gale,
 When pray'rs and curses have been found to fail.
This, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,
 Saints, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and
 birches.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

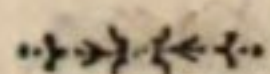
TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

Blind to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
 Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?
 Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
 Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?
 Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
 Why sleeps the sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?
 Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
 To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
 Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
 And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
 Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
 And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.

Drawn from a garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
 Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,
 What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?
 Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the Son!

Yes — thou most *grateful* youth, thy hostile art,
 Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN's heart!



Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the realms around!
To make snug comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.

Barbarian-like — how like those sons of spoil,
Whose impious hands on hallow'd structure's toil...
Base throng, that through PALMYRA's Temple digs,
To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

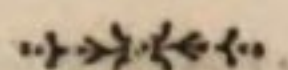
Oh! if ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with ROLLE;
Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of ROLLE; (to thee though dear)
The name abhorr'd by HONOUR's shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How couldst thou bid *that* ROLLE, despis'd by all,
On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall;
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the (*) FAIR-ONE's Friend?

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle!
O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

(*) A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. Fitz-herbert, in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.



Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast
A stranger to their charms, the LOVES detest? —
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soften'd hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain, for thee, of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows —
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive;
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide;
In vain, the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide,
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil! I see his ORB superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable mass.

O PITT! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the base r-b—n (*) of thy heart,
That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.

She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;
Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy Isle;
Who yet, to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder!

(*) Rebellion.



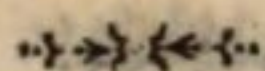
Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
See BUTE's mean parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
Whose Argus eyes of av'rice never sleep;
A close State-leech, who, sticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor, till the State expires, will drop away.

Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh;
Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What Fate should whelm with everlasting night!

Lost by his arts, behold the beautiful MAID, (*)
Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb;
Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom,
Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet, left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!

(*) The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.



At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!

Such are thy Colleagues, (*) O thou *patriot* boy!
 Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
 Who crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
 To fasten on the vitals of the State!

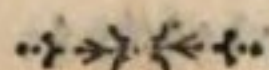
Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
 Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee,—, the Muse had sworn,
 That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,
 Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
 And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—hath thy heart, with mad ambition fir'd,
 Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?
 Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
 The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel!
 Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
 May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse;
 From sweet society behold him torn,
 Condemn'd like Cain, to walk the world forlorn!

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
 The Muse, for vengeance panting, pour'd her song:

(*) We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces
 of Richmond, and Grenville, Harry Dundas, *cum plurimis
 aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned
 in our poetical calendar.



But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

NOW PRUDENCE gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
And thus the daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID, (*)
In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,
« O PETER! eldest-born of PHŒBUS, hear—

« Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw
« Of that gaunt, hungry savage, christen'd LAW—
« Indeed thou wantest wordly wisdom, PETER,
« To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre.
« Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's smile pursues,
« To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

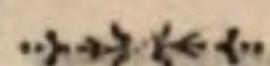
« Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;
« Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre:
« Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON'S
« And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire.» [bays,
« PRUDENCE, » quoth I, « indeed—indeed I can't:
Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant! »

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin—

« Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious pigeon!
« Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich:
« Know that thou'lt die, like beggars, in a ditch;
« Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

« Sit down, and make a Horace imitation,
« Like POPE; and let the stanza glow
« With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co.
« The present worthy Rulers of the Nation. »

(*) Minerva.



With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
 Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;
 Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,
 For inspiration scratch'd his tuneful scone,
 To please DAME ORACLE, for once—
 A DAME, some say, he never saw before.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. — BOOK I.)

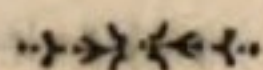
ON MESSIEURS PITT AND CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
 What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

What high and mighty name, that all adore?
 What ministerial wight that bribes each CIT,
 Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
 And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
 That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
 To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,
 Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
 And with a fiddle lead the logs along?

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
 Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;
 Two sages who, in diff'rent places born,
 CHICK LANE, and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?



Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,

Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,

Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank-note and Jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass.

Nor, SCHWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp
Whose palate loves a dainty dish, [appear,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,

Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;
Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping Cobblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

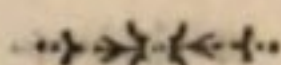
I'll sing how calmly C—N takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT:

And TH—w, too, who none but PITT could tame,
Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle—

No longer now JOB's war-horse snorting flame;
But that slow brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear.

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose;
Poor CH—C—LLOR (*) will make no riot:

(*) The name of the horse.



Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose ,
 And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet !
 This Pair, so tame , amid the courtier throng ,
 Shall drag their Master WILLIAM's coach along ,
 And raise the wonder of the million !
 Just like two bull-dogs in a country town ,
 That gallop in their harness up and down ,
 With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

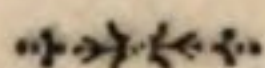
We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen ,
 Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen ;
 Who , if once try'd, would shine, I make no
 And chiefly he who merits high rewards, [doubt:
 Who , wriggling to the Hanoverian guards ,
 Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
 Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood
 So freely for the King of England's (*) good.

We'll sing, too, Master ROLLE, who fond of fame,
 High-daring , from the land of dumplings came ,
 To bear the MINISTER—to be his ass—
 Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute ,
 That carry'd BALAAM , BALAK to salute ,
 And curse the Israelites, alas !

And lo ! as did the Lord—

Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast ;
 So hath our Lord , 'Squire PITT , upon my word ,
 Op'd Master ROLLE's to give the house a feast !

(*) This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.
 — The Prince of Brunswick's genius was forced to yield
 to the superior one of the Queen's brother.



Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM (*) beat—
A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul;
For BALAAM's Jack-Ass made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by PITT's poor Rolle

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death,
Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath
With brother Cornwall, in the self-same year—
A downright bear!

Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,
Not spend his money like a fool?

We too might sing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH peerless in the fatt'ning line.

We too may BRUDENEIL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;

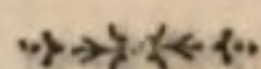
Follow'd him, spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place

Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:
But when it came to pass his HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER-like, deny'd him!

We'll sing Lord GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his taylor, much enrag'd, away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat

So small, it scarcely threw a ray:
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame;
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK!

(*) Balaam's country seat.



Sir JOHN, who got his star so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour krou*t (*).

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the SPEAKER's wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
Which to a head-piece scarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives that greatly doth surprise,
When through the chaos of the house he bawls
For ORDER, that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums,

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor G--LLE's head,
Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!
Again—its lining happ'neth to be lead—
Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:
And thus this speaking head-piece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certés* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig;
A very promising, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely tree;
And, what those parents dear would also suit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

(*) This honour of the Star was really conferred on him by the EMPERESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.



Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip ,
At which the human hide revolts ;

Who bids , like grasshoppers , his pupils skip ,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts ;

Or trains them , like a pointer , to his hand :
And such the mighty Conjuror's command ,
He , by the magic of sticks , ropes , and eyes ,
Commands wild FOLLY to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two

Upon the BEDCHAMBER's most idle IMPS ;

Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew ,

Sticking together just like social shrimps ;

Regardless who the State-coach drives ,

So *they* may lead good merry , lazy lives ;

Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay ,

So they , like moths , may flutter life away !

PITT shall the House of Commons rule ,

And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the school ;

And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen

As meanly think of HASTINGS and the queen !

On di'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast ,

Knock down the Nabobs , and exhaust the East !

O LADY ! whose great wisdom thinketh fit

To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT !

This WILLIAM PITT and Thou , without a joke ,

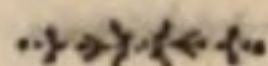
Will turn out most extraordinary folk !

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together ,

Each with the other vastly taken ;

Make , when they choose , or fair or filthy weather ,

And cut up kingdoms just like bacon !



THUS having finish'd, PRUDENCE, with a stare,
 Exclaim'd, « Rank irony ! thou wicked Poet. »—
 Quoth I, « My little Presbyterian fair,
 « I know it. » —

« Ah ! » quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
 « When will this stupid world be wise ? »

« Ah ! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,
 « And, like BUCEPHALUS the famous, knelt
 « To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,
 « He might have ambled prettily along,
 « And very rarely felt his rider's thong—
 « Just now and then a gentle smack,
 « T' inform his royal colt what BEING rode him,
 « And with such dignity bestrode him.

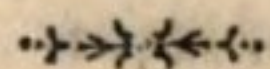
« Yes—had his HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to stoop,
 « With *heav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,
 « Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,
 « And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes !»

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE THIEF-TAKERS.

SIR JOSEPH, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
 Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings ;
 And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling ;



Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields ,
Where NATURE such exhaustless treasure yields ,
A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright ,
The nimble pupils of Sir SAMPSON WRIGHT ,
A simpling too, for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

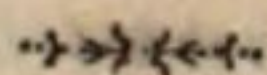
Now did a thief-taker , so sly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye ,
And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where water-cresses grow ;
On which he to his comrades cry'd , « See , ho ! »
Then jump'd , (unsportsman-like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir JOSEPH did not squeak , but bawl'd ,
With dread prodigiously appall'd.

The thief-takers no ceremony us'd ;
But taking poor Sir JOSEPH by the neck ,
They bade him speak ;
But first with names their captive Knight abus'd ,

« Sir, what d'ye take me for? » the Knight exclaim'd.
« A thief , » reply'd the runners , with a curse :
« And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn'd » —
And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse:

But, 'stead of pistol dire , and death-like crape ,
A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on ,
Containing frogs and toads of various shape ,
Dock , daisy, nettletop , and dandelion ,
To entertain , with great propriety,
The members of his sage society :



Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
That this their knighted pris'ner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight.—

"No—there," rejoin'd the runners, "you are right—

"A footpad only — Yes, we know your trade —

"Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace :

"We want no proofs, old codger, but your face ;

"So come along with us, old blade. "

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain :

In vain, Sir JOSEPH pleaded—'twas in vain

That he was highly titled, that he swore —

The instant that poor BANKS his titles counted,

Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd

"*encore.* "

Sir JOSEPH told them, that a neighb'ring 'Squire
Should answer for it that he was no thief :

On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,

And said such stories should not save his beef ;

And if they understood their trade,

His *mittimus* would soon be made ;

And forty pounds be their's, a pretty sum,

For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

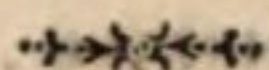
Now to the 'Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co,
The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,

Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,

So black, and of enormous size,

Safe into port for condemnation.



Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've really no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking —
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people through misfortune sinking.

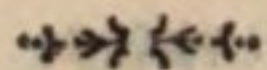
At length, amidst much mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks.
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the 'Squire,
To prove the identity of JOSEPH BANKS.

Now to the 'Squire familiar bow'd the Knight,
Who knew Sir JOSEPH at first sight —

What's strongly mark'd is quickly known again—
And, with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thief-takers severely reprimanded

For grossly thus mistaking *gentlemen* :
Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
Imagin'd that they could not well do *less*.

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
And crav'd Sir JOSEPH's pardon for belief,
That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemman* for a thief;
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their looks.



ODES TO MISTER PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

“ RIGHTS OF MAN. ”

ODE I.

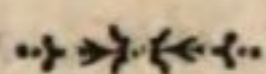
O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!

AMBITION, smiling, prais'd thy giant wish:
Compar'd to *thee*, the MAN, to gain a name,
Who to DIANA's temple put the flame,
A simple minnow to the KING OF FISH.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
While half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
While Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

Oh, must the scythe of DESOLATION sleep,
So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
And HAVOCK on his hunter drop his lash;
Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the
To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry, [sky,
The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What



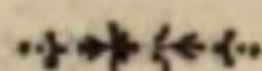
What pity thy combustibles were bad !
 How DEATH had grinn'd delight, and HELL' been
 To see our liberties o'er-turning ; [glad,
 And War, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
 Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
 Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on
 mourning !

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly ?
 Dread'st thou of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp eye ?
 Return, and bring MESDAMES POISSARDES along:
 And lo, with FRIENDSHIP'S squeeze and fire to
 And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em, [meet 'em,
 The sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
 Where HORROR brooding on damnation dwells,
 And vomit forth their grisly bands ;
 Surrounded by this squalid host,
 PAINE shall their leader be, and boast ;
 PAINE, GORDON,* and REBELLION, shall shake
 hands.

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head !
 I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
 To *whisper* to a KING of modern time,
 And try to strike a royal *foible* dead ;
 While dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'st no bones,
 But strik'st at *Kings themselves* upon their thrones!

* LORD GEORGE GORDON, instigator of the riots in 1780.



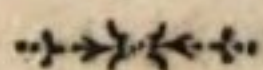
ODE II.

HELL hears our pray'r!—all is not lost—
Behold a chosen few, a *host*,
Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening!—hark! the iron doors!
Chains clank!—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars;
And, lo! the destin'd VICTIMS of the Laws!
Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THRONG!

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells!
Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells;
They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands;
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air: [stare,
And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands!

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day;
To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,
Nor peep upon our spectre scene!
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our Music shall be NATURE's cry;
Our ears shall feast on PITY's sigh—
Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs!



Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel!

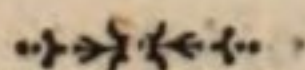
Son of Sedition, daring PAINE,
While speech endues thy treason tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned song,
And EREBUS shall echo back the strain.

ODE TO THE KING.

Written immediately on Mr. PITT's Retreat from
Administration.

AN'T please your MAJESTY, I'm very glad,
And so are all of us (of late so sad),
That you have thrown the JONAS overboard.
See! see the drowning cat! he spreads his claws!
Quickly, for God's sake, Sir, chop off his paws! —
He dies, by not a *single sigh* deplor'd.
To DAVY JONES's locker let him go,
And with old NEPTUNE *booze* below—
Bad stuff though, NEPTUNE's *maukish brine*!
He'd rather *touch DUNDAS's wine*.

PITT, Sir, has been a shocking steward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard:
We scarce can put a *mouse* into the pot;
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like powder of a post that has the rot.



And FAME each day sings louder, Sir, and louder,
 « State-pillars will be made of this same powder. »
 Now rotten wood, according to my *nouse*,
 Is bad material to support a house.

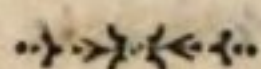
PITT deem'd himself an *Eagle*—what a *flat* :
 What *was* he?—a poor wheeling, fluttering *Bat*—
 An imp of Darkness—busy catching *flies* !
 Here, there, up, down, off, on—shriek, shriek, snap,
 His gaping mouth a very lucky trap, [snap—
 Quick seizing for his hungry maw—Supplies.

PITT makes, 'tis true, a monst'rous noise—
 He who seduc'd must be besotted.

The sound may fright the ears of boys—
 A cannon's thunder, but not *shot*ted.

No FARMER with more true delight
 E'er saw a saucy soaring KITE
 Fetch'd by a leaden messenger to ground,
 Than WE, when MAJESTY thought fit,
 And *wisely* too, to humble PITT,
 Headlong into the gulf profound,
 Sunk him to hell—at least *his lowest* hell,
 Where PRIDE's prick'd bladder could no longer
 swell.

No FARMER with a greater glee
 Beholds a dying Fox, than WE
 Mark'd the last struggles of poor BILLY PITT :
 On every visage see a smile !



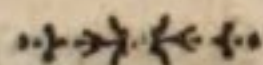
Joy triumphs through the echoing isle !
Upon his name POSTERITY shall spit.

Poor banished LIBERTY again
To BRITAIN'S fair and wide domain ,
Shall bring her throne , her sacred throne :
The voice that long has learnt to mourn ,
Shall hail with rapture her return ,
And change for sounds of joy the hopeless groan.

Well , SIRE , whatever be th' event ,
You do things with the best intent ;
Distress'd when FORTUNE mars a patriot-plan :
And know , each true-born Briton sings ,
« Health and long life to virtuous Kings !
« We love the MASTER , but detest the *Man*. »

POSTSCRIPT.

SIRE ! if your MAJESTY so please ,
And, SIRE , it may be done with ease ,
I'll make a bargain.—Keep out PITT for ever ,
My song shall be the song of praise ;
To Kings an *altar* will I raise ;
And never tear it down—no , never , never.
And should it please th' ALMIGHTY to take PYE ,
SIRE , I'm your *Bard*—your *Laureat*—I—yes, I !
I think this must be *some temptation* ,
Considering my *vast* reputation.



MR. PITT'S

FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

Just as I prophesy'd! — the storm begins!

And thou art off — for WIMBLEDON, I ween,
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* sins,
So complaisant indeed to KING and QUEEN!

Loud was thy window's crash — a show'r of stones
Pour'd in thick vollies from the angry MOB.

How the rude pebbles sought thy vanish'd bones!

And cry'd aloud, « Where is the fellow's *knob?* »
But disappointed, on the carpet spread,
They griev'd they could not rattle round thy head.

DUNDAS's hay-loft, soon, I guess,
In secrecy wilt thou possess;

Or else another secret nameless place —

A *sweet* asylum from the rage
Of such as desp'rate battle wage

With men who plunge the Nation in disgrace.

This was a terrible affair!

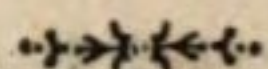
Undoubtedly it made thee stare!

Indeed I think that thou wert right,
To ask the friendship of a flight.

Alas! when DANGER his stern form reveals,
There's really wisdom in a pair of heels!

Since not a soul dares ope his jaws

To plead, O PITT, thy awkward cause,



I'll be thy COUNSEL, Man, to bring thee off:

Not save thy reputation — no —

That's an Herculean work, I trow;

Thy name must bear indeed, th' eternal scoff.

Come from thy hay-loft, then, or thy retreat,

Where CLOACINA keeps her silent seat,

And let me lead thee to the PEOPLE's eye.

Kneel down before them — own thy heavy guilt,

For meanness and King-flatt'ry — treasure spilt,

And other sins too glaring to deny.

This then be thy confession, PITT: —

« Alas! by mad Ambition bit,

« And grinding hunger, too, I needs must say;

« Where fickle FORTUNE loves to sport,

« I sought the regions of the COURT;

« But Conscience damns, alas! the idle day.

« I bawl'd Reform with RICHMOND's Lord,

« But never meant to keep my word.

« Our bawlings frighten'd the GREAT MAN and
WOMAN;

« With patriot threats we forc'd our way,

« And while 'twas sunshine made our hay,

« A trick with Statesmen by no means uncommon.

« Ye gave me credit for my cries,

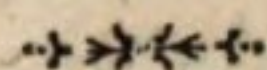
« And, gull'd, with pleasure saw me rise;

« Though soon, too soon, ye mock'd the royal choice;

« Too soon I read in ev'ry face

« The hist'ry of a sad disgrace,

« Heard execration load the gen'ral voice.



« Whom seeming idiotism and madness rules ;
 « The veriest laughing-stock of veriest fools.
 « HAWKESBURY no more shall drain the hectic State,
 « And suck , the leech, the Empire to her fate.

“ Lo, from the seat of JUSTICE will I sweep
 “ The FUR-CLAD ROGUE, renown'd for stealing
 sheep. *

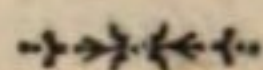
« I blush to think I help'd the wars of Kings,
 « And, meanly crouching, made a royal pother.
 « I now think Princes very so-so things ;
 « The one half cheats, and arrant fools the other.
 « E'en to the tune she chooses, let her dance ;
 « I'll cram no despots down the throat of FRANCE.

« I own myself, alas! an arrant fool ,
 « Not to suspect and look *that Prussian* through :
 « Yet to HYPOCRISY I went to school ;
 « But , hang the fellow , he was Yorkshire too. »

When *out* of place, then « right is *State reform*—
 « Oh! venal Parliaments are cursed things: »
 But, when *in* place—« Don't, don't provoke the
 storm; »

« Why alter, why displease the *best* of Kings ? »

* Whether this *notorious* and lofty Limb of the Law will be hanged or not, even the prophetic powers of the *Muse* cannot foretell ; but that a score of stolen sheep, which the owners swore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for sale lately at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending ; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.



Such is the creed of all the Courtier train;
Rocks of our hopes—the Imps that we maintain.

« As sharks and whales pick daily a good dish ,
« From all the dainty under-world of fish ,
« So Tyrants , at a most ungodly rate ,
« For human dishes , daily , hourly prowl ;
« And as the weazel sucks the eggs of fowl ,
« *They*, greedy, suck that larger egg, the STATE.

« But no such master will I serve ,
« Nor mistress , christen'd King and Queen ;
« Who, whilst their plunder'd subjects starve ,
« Are 'midst their hoarded millions , seen.
« The PEOPLE's *Servant* , till by Fate o'erpower'd :
» By G— that PEOPLE shall not be devour'd ! »

Thus if thou swearest—hear me—by our skins,
Which yet our bastinado'd backs retain ;
Gen'rous , we'll wipe out thy *old score* of sins ,
And yield thee suff'rance to *begin again*.

Thus if thou swearest , and wilt sin no more ,
A pardon shall be thine—our anger o'er. [em—
Heed not the wrath of Kings—the Nation made
The PEOPLE put on board their backs their honors ;
And should Kings forfeit their esteem, the DONORS
Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such , PITT , is my advice—but thou art proud ,
Although , so lately one of us poor crowd ,
Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high station :
Thou canst not well remember thy old rags ,



Or thou hadst been more sparing of thy brags;
Insulting thus a much too generous Nation.

Lo, thus the LAD in base Saint Giles's born,
Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl;
Where PLENTY, ah! exalteth not her horn—
Potatoes, the poor barrow's *little all*.

At length, succeeding by a *lucky cry*,
And FORTUNE's fav'ring smile, the Lad can buy
A basket!—nay, *two* baskets for his barrow;
To which he hangs the baskets with much pride,
With endive, celery, and greens beside—
Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmost
marrow—

With all the gaping energy of song,
Proudly he rolls his WHOLE ESTATE along!

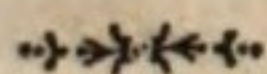
AMBITION still inspires his panting heart;
And now sublime he rises to a *cart*,
But not without a JACK-ASS, let me say:
A JACK is harness'd—on the cart he mounts—
Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,
And triumphs in his PARTNER's Brudenell-bray.

He stops not here—AMBITION goads his soul,
To bid his orb in loftier regions roll.

In COVENT GARDEN, lo! a shop he gains;
Pines, nect'rines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,
Behold! his laudable ambition reaches;

And now the *Jack-Ass* and the *cart* disdains.

An Ass's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear,
Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere:



Archbishop-like, he *town*'s within his stall—
Looks on the barrow, cart, and basket crew,
With all the consequence of man, askew,
And, for a pack of beggars, damns them *all*.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

ODE.

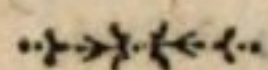
Peter giveth sage advice to mercenary artists, and telleth
a most delectable story of a country bumpkin and peri-
patetic razor-seller.

Forbear, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
To sordid gain, unless that you are starving:
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard stone heads and landscape carving.

In order to make haste to sell and eat;
For there is certainly a charm in meat:
And in rebellious tones will stomachs speak,
That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old shoe;
Provided for their daubs they get a sale;
Just like the man—but stay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,



And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard :
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
« This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

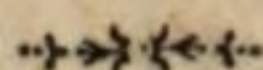
« No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
« Provided that the razors *shave*;

« It certainly will be a monstrous prize. »
So home the clown, with his good fortune went,
Smiling in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze :
'Twas a vile razor ! — then the rest he try'd —
All were impostors — « Ah, » Hodge sigh'd !
« I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse. »

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made [swore ;
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er. [wry faces,

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff :



So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
 On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
 « Razors! a damn'd, confounded dog,
 « Not fit to scrape a hog! »

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
 « P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
 « That people flay themselves out of their lives:
 « You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
 « Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
 « With razors just like oyster-knives.
 « Sirrah! I tell you, you are a knave,
 « To cry up razors that can't shave. »

« Friend, quoth the razor-man, « I'm not a knave:
 « As for the razors you have bought,
 « Upon my soul I never thought
 « That they would *shave*. »

« Not think they'd *shave*! » quoth Hodge, with
 wond'ring eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
 « What were they made for then, you dog? »
 he cries,
 « Made! » quoth the fellow, with a smile — « to
sell. »

HAIR-POWDER;

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE.

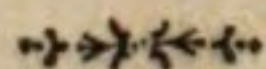
TO

MR. PITT.

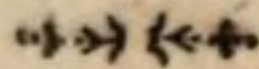
Yet if resolv'd to worry *Wigs* and *Hair*,
And, Herod-like, not *little Children* spare;
Say, (for methinks the Land has much to dread)
How long in safety may we wear the *Head*?

THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime exordium, containing a great Compliment to Mr. Pitt—The PoET sagely adviseth the MINISTER—Observeth to him the effect of Time on the Heads of Beaux and old Maids—The hard fate of poor carrotypolled PHILLIS-LUBIN's and HODGE's disappointment, by means of this cruel tax—A great and economical JUDGE's mortification; and exultation of his fur-clad BROTHER at the tax on hair-powder—A melancholy picture of the HAIR-DRESSERS and BARBERS—The PoET's eye (as Shakespeare sayeth) «in a fine frenzy rolling,» beholdeth the chase of a powdered Poll; the capture; the redemption; and punishment of the INFORMERS in LONDON—Also Poll-chases in the country, illustrated by



an apt *simile*—PETER exclaimeth at the MINISTER, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon executions—PETER praiseth Mr. PITT's powers of oratory—He attacketh the pride of the MINISTER; wishing him to take a little retrospect of humble days—A Kite and beautiful Bat-comparison—Another charming comparison of the Boy and his TRUNK—PETER telleth strange and *unbelievable* things, and giveth two most gracious speeches—PETER praiseth the two speeches, and giveth alarming advice—He exhibiteth a part of his political creed—PETER sheweth his profound knowledge of EMPERORS and KINGS and QUEENS, &c. and maketh shrewd observations *thereon*; concluding with a compliment to Mr. FOX—PETER prayeth fervently for the Royal Family—The POET suspecteth the effect of the MINISTER's eloquence—PETER prayeth to Mr. PITT—England wittily and properly christened an *old Cow*; also AMERICA—The poet asketh a pertinent question relative to *royal exemption* from the tax, and administereth laudable counsel—PETER gravely and ingeniously pointeth out a tax on CHRISTIAN SKINS; also *some* (not *all* indeed) of the great advantages of human hides in the way of trade—The controvertible use of Mr. JUSTICE BULLER's tender hide; of the DUKE of GLOUCESTER's; of the DUCHESS of CUMBERLAND's; of LORD BRUDENELL's (the Lord help him!); of the DUKE of RICHMOND's, &c. &c.—The POET asketh whether the POWDER-TAX was born, and, like a certain GREAT MAN, answereth the question *himself*—The POET telleth the MINISTER a sorrowful tale—A stinking, yet beautiful *simile*—PETER prophesieth—Serious and good advice to Mr. PITT—Political and deep reflections—PETER seeth a vision full of horror—He affecteth a *smile*, but it seemeth to be rather the *risus sardonius*—PETER counselleth (but, he thinketh, *in vain*) the MINISTER and his COLLEAGUE HARRY DUNDAS to run the gantlet—The conclusion.



A

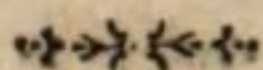
PLAINTIVE EPISTLE.

O MIGHTY Master of the *ways* and *means*,
 To slake the golden thirst of Kings and Queens;
 To gorge the cavern of each greedy chest
 With all the wonders of the bleeding East:
 To lull with opiate draughts a Kingdom's groans,
 Patch ragged crowns, and cobble crazy thrones;
 The modest BARD, for five short minutes, bear;
 Nor may the MUSE's wisdom wound thine ear.

Sick of thy taxes, while the wearied nation
 Drags her last penny forth, and fears *starvation*;
 Whose voice is loud, and daily waxing louder;
 List to the serious sound, and damn the Powder.
 To *thee*, responsible for every blunder,
 Her *mildest* murmurs should be claps of thunder.

Pleas'd with thy fav'rite folly, mark old TIME,
 Wide grinning at the Beau beyond his prime;
 And many a Maid beyond life's blooming day,
 Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to gray!

Lo! the poor girl, whom carrot-colour shocks,
 Pines pennyless, and blushes for her locks!
 Refus'd to fly to POWDER's friendly aid,
 She bids them seek in caps the secret shade;

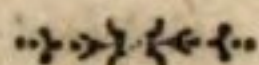


No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
 PHILLIS must hide the redd'ning shame, or shave!
 At *thee* she flings her curses, PITT, and cries—
 At *thee* she darts the lightnings of her eyes;
 And thinks that LOVE ne'er warm'd Him who could
 With wanton strokes of *cruelty*, the SEX. [vex,

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,
 Poor LUBIN shook the dredge-box o'er his hair;
 HODGE dipp'd his caxon 'mid the sack of flour:
 But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;
 LUBIN no longer dares the dredge-box shake,
 Nor HODGE to dip his caxon in the sack.

Yet see a *nobler* MOURNER! Kenyon, lo!
 The saving JUDGE has felt a stunning blow:
His hawk-economy won't thank thee for't,
 Which stops his pretty nipperkin of PORT. *
 Not so JUDGE BLOOD, who glories in deceit;
 His life one murder, and his soul a cheat—
He loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,
 To hang a culprit, and himself evade it.

* Such is the laudable moderation of this second Sir John Cutler, or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himself and Lady, *at* and *after* dinner, no more than this little measure of wine! A fine example for the sons of dissipation! It has been supposed, that the economical Judge has surpassed the famous miracle of the loaves and fishes, by making *one bottle* of wine serve for *double* the number of souls, or rather *bodies*, that have come with open mouths to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I do not think they have gone away *so well satisfied*.

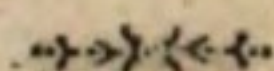


See groups of HAIR-DRESSERS all idle stand,
A melancholy, mute, and mournful band;
And BARBERS *eke*, who lift the crape-clad Pole,
And round and round their eyes of horror roll;
Desponding, pale, like HOSIER'S ghosts so white,
Who told their sorrows 'mid the money light.
But see! each hopeless wight with fury foams;
His curling-iron breaks, and snaps his combs;
Ah! doom'd to shut their mouths as well as shops;
For dead is custom, 'mid the world of CROPS. *

In fancy now I mark the frequent race;
I see th' INFORMER polls of powder chase!
On this, on that, a Footman, Maid of Mop,
Fierce as a tiger from his ambush, pop;
Now in his cruel clutches, sharp and strong,
To Bow-street drag his powder'd prey along:
And now I see the MOB, in Mercy's cause,
Redeem the victim from his savage paws;
And now the tyrant to a horse-pond draw,
To quench the red-hot thunderbolt of law.
Amid our villages, in Fancy's eye,
I see Informers chase, and Culprits fly—
Rude Pikes so hungry putting to the rout,
Voracious darting, a poor host of Trout.

Who would not hide the temple's white and gray?
« Your money, Sirs—remove the mask, or pay, »

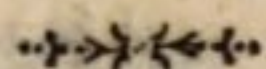
* Such is the universal disgust at the Powder-tax, that many thousands of the male sex have already sacrificed their favourite curls; to disappoint the rapacity of a Minister.



Is now thy language to a groaning nation!
 PITT, PITT, thou hast no bowels of compassion.
 How mean (for money, such thy boundless rage),
 Thus to expose the cruel pow'r of AGE!
 Much like the Man art thou, and hard as he,
 Who let his scaffold out at Tyburn tree;
 Where, as the great and pious DOCTOR DODD
 Gave by a rope his sinful soul to GOD,
 Thus on his boards aloft, amidst the crowd,
 Th' unfeeling wretch of wretches bawl'd aloud,
 (So anxious people's pockets to be picking)
 « Up, up—who mounts here?—*all alive, and*
kicking.»

I grant thine eloquence's happy flow;
 But TRUTH should bear it company, I trow—
 HYPOCRISY, the knave to keep his place,
 Too often borrows VIRTUE's honest face.
 I know thy pride vaults high—but what of that?
 The tow'ring column often rais'd a rat.
 Though toss'd aloft by stone-blind FORTUNE's
 Awake thy mem'ry to thy *humbler* hour: [pow'r,
 Though *now* a KITE—ah! *once* a Bat, how small!
 Flick'ring around for flies in yonder Hall! *
 But, drunk with honours, « No,» thou cryest, «no;
 « I thank thee, but I cannot look so low.»
 Thus a poor Country Boy to India goes;
 A small portmanteau all the wealth he knows;
 Arrives, with awkward legs, and arms, and mien;
 But, ere a twelvemonth pass, how chang'd the scene!

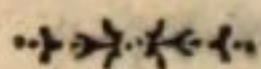
* Westminster Hall.



He mounts his elephant, treats, wh—s, gets drunk,
And, ah! forgets his friend the *little Trunk*.

Know, man, no more of taxes now we want;
Lo! generous MAJESTY prepar'd to grant.
Hark to a voice *divine*!—"PITT, PITT, hæ, PITT;
« No more, no more for taxes wet thy wit;
« I'll pay the soldier and the tar—
« My millions, PITT, shall pay the glorious war;
« I'll give sheep, lamb, ram, turkey, duck, boar, sow,
« Goose, gosling, cock, hen, heifer, bull, calf, cow;
« And, PITT, hæ, hæ? at Smithfield, PITT, I
shine—
« Mine's the best beef—yes, mine—what, what?
 « yes, mine:
« I'll empty ev'ry guinea-chest, and sack;
« Yes, yes, the people ought to have it back:
« My money in the stocks, my wood, * my hay;
« Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away,

* Here I must candidly condemn a part of the People, whose cause, in the affair of Hair-Powder, I am so pathetically pleading.» Such (says the Windsor Chronicle) was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled frost, when they should have thought of nothing but *dying*, that those very people, not worth a groat, starving, shivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidst the dead silence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the sacred Gardens of Richmond and Kew; where they wickedly, inhumanly, and feloniously, cut down and maimed a number of trees, many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own scrubby chimnies, to warm their own vile bones, because, forsooth, *certain*

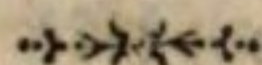


« I turn off MISTER WYAT, * dat I sal ;
 « And geef up FROGMORE—Iss, I geef up all ;
 « Geef up mine di'mond stomacher indeed ;
 « All, all, mush rader dan de peepels bleed :
 « Iss, iss, I geef up all, shust like de King,
 « For bankrup nation be quite deflish ting.
 « Vat signifie de millions ** in our purses,
 « If money do profoke de peepels curses ?
 « We won't haftumult—no sush ting muss spread—
 « Mine Gote! *halfloaf* be better dan *no bread*.

The late procession of imperial presents from the India House to ——— was attended by a dirty Custom-house-officer; but for *what reason*, the Lords of the Treasury can best explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a small order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an Act of Parliament; which, if true, maketh a second edition of little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

* The Architect.

** Notwithstanding her Majesty's immense property in *one thing* and *another*, she possesses the most economical circumspection; witness the following pretty tale — A Miss J-n-r, of Gloucestershire, with her mother, viewing the Palace of St. James's, and entering her Majesty's dressing room, where a cushion *full* of pins lay on her toilette, the young Lady expressed a strong desire for having one of the *Queen's pins* to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one; when the Attendant, struck with a sudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impossible to be granted, as her Majesty would certainly *find it out* —
 « D'ye think I might *change* a pin? » sighed the young Lady, with anxiety. « Miss, » replied the Attendant, after some consideration, « it is probable her Majesty may
 « *not find that out*, but I'll run the risk. »

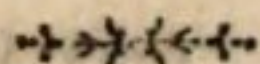


« Peety to make de Englis peepels groan;
 « So goote as poote de Prences 'pon de trone;
 « Who soon, mine Gote! may take it in der brain,
 « Vat dey *poote up*, dey may *pull down* again. »

What sounds of wisdom, PITT, to make thee shrink!
 Beware! — thou stand'st on DANGER's giddy brink:
 Know, that a single grain, or half grain more,
 May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er:
 And should'st thou tumble down the rock of Fate,
 No *seas* of tears will wail thy shorten'd date.
 Go, copy the GOOD PAIR whom all *adore*,
 Who spurn the PROUD, * and hug the humble
 POOR.

Though from my soul I hate mad Dissipation,
 That beggars and insults a generous Nation;
 Too from my soul the Avarice I hate,
 That, thirsty, squeezes like a sponge the State:
 Wishing from trees (so keen the gold it grapples),
 To shake down guineas, just like pears and apples.
 Think not I court a TUMULT's lawless hour,
 And wish a *Mob's* wild arm the sword of pow'r:
 No! let a TITUS, let an ALFRED rule;
 Who sighs not for a King, I deem a fool.
 Like those were Europe's Monarchs! in thy ear,
 What from a people had *such* FORMS to fear?
 Safe 'mid the ardour of a realm's embrace!
 Kings never fall but by their own disgrace.
 I murmur not at Kings, if good for *aught*;
 I only quarrel when they're good for *nought*.

* *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*



'Tis whisper'd that I never reverenc'd Thrones:
 Granted—I never worship *stocks* nor *stones*;
 Nor look I for *wise* Emp'rors, nor *wise* Kings,—
 'Tis EXPECTATION's madness—Quixote things.
 The man to titles and to riches born,
 Amid the world of science, how forlorn!
 To speak, to think, unable, mark his air!
 Heav'ns, what an idiot gape, and idiot stare!
 Tho' lord of *millions*, gilt with titles o'er—
 A statue 'midst a library! — no more!
 He deems the butterflies of Folly, *treasure*;
 And shuns chaste WISDOM, for the strumpet

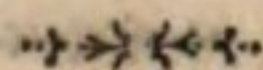
PLEASURE.

'Tis true, gay PLEASURE courts us to the joy,
 While WISDOM to her swains is always coy.
 The brain must *labour*, or it proves the sport
 Of WISDOM's circle, though it charm a Court.
 Seek we *corporeal* strength? the mine, the plough,
 Of *strong* examples furnish us enow.
 Search we the spot which *mental* power contains?
 Go where man gets his living by his *brains*;
 Had CHARLES * *first* popp'd into the world, I ween,
 That world a very *diff'rent* Charles had seen.
 « What had CHARLES been? » is asked with won-
 der—Even
 That good, fat, honest, sleepy fellow—Stephen. **

O may of PRINCES a long race succeed!
 Such *Doves*, such *harmless Doves* as now we feed;

* Mr. Fox.

** The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

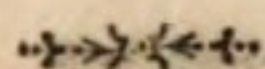


Not *Eagles*, screaming with insatiate maw,
 Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw!
 And yet too oft, to damn the coward age,
 Our Isle has trembled at a TYRANT's rage.
 Thus 'mid the smiles of NATURE's fair domain,
 Where blooming HEALTH and PLENTY lead their
train;
 Where, rob'd with verdure, wind the rills along,
 And ev'ry vale resounds with cheerful song;
 See o'er the Elysian scene, with lofty head,
 The blood-stain'd *gibbet* * dash the soul with
dread!

I own thy eloquence's stream, but know,
 Too oft for England's welfare periods flow:
 A truce to all such metaphoric breath:
 So soft, they drop into our ears with death.
 How like the snows, wide-ermining the air,
 So gently sinking, kissing, all so fair;
 Falling on simple sheep, and soon, alas!
O'erwhelming, killing, with the *courteous* mass.

Mercy to ENGLAND yield, the poor lean Cow!
 Thy busy fingers have forc'd milk enow:
 Though frequent rushing the lank teats to tease,
 How patiently the beast has borne thy squeeze!
 Just shak'd her head, and wincing wisk'd her tail,
 When oft' thou fill'dst a *puncheon* for a *pail*:
 But now she bushing roars, and makes a pudder,
 Afraid thy harden'd hands may steal her *udder*.

* In France, Switzerland, &c. were many of these pretty monuments of Pride, before the Revolution.

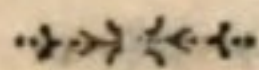


Think on AMERICA, our *cow* of yore,
 Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore;
 Who, pinch'd, and yet deny'd a lock of hay,
 Kick'd the hard MILKMAN off, and march'd away.
 In vain he try'd by ev'ry art to catch her;
 To wound, to hamstring, nay, knock down, *dispatch*
her;
 Far off she kept, where LOVE, where FREEDOM rules;
 Mocking the fruitless rage of rogues and fools.

Speak, PITT, (for know at times I'm rather dull),
 Why from thy tax exempt a *royal* skull?
 Why free each *creeping thing* about a Court?
 The grumbling nation will not thank thee for't.
 Let HAWKSB'RY frown, and bull-face BRUDENELL
 They well may club, to ease the Nation's score: [roar;
 Their purse-strings, nay, let all thy colleagues draw,
 Disgorging a poor guinea from each maw.
 Let QUEENSB'RY nobly pinch his Cyprian sinnings,
 And stately CUMBERLAND * her Faro winnings;
 Let MADAM SCHEWLENBERG** make up wry faces,
 Something should come in troth from sale of places.

* As one of the great Supporters of Morality, for such every Muse should be, I have several times had it in contemplation to give this Dame a public rap on the knuckles, for certain parsimony to some of the poor disbanded and faithful servants of her household, after the death of her simple Duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a solitary Note, and may, some time or other, give importance to an Ode.

** This great Lady kept one of the first Sale-shops in England.



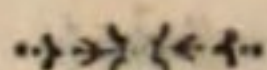
Good-nature , state-extravagancy lopping ,
 Pins , mantua-makers , milliners , and shopping :
 To close th' illustrious list , and sounding line ,
 On delegates , reform , and powder , *thine*.

O say , where first was plann'd thy Powder scheme ?
 At *Wimbledon* arose the golden dream ;
 Where thou , and honest RUMBOLD-hunting HARRY ,
 Project , and *re-project* , and oft miscarry ?
 Two *Graziers* , cheap'ning hogs to fill your styes ;
 Two *Spiders* , weaving lines for simple flies.
 Rich spot ! whence Millions take their easy wing ,
 To bribe an Emp'ror , and *refresh* a King , *
 Where , blest , ye bumper it in England's cause ,
 Belch OPPOSITION's fall , and hiccup laws ;
 With equal spirit where each work succeeds ,
 A BOTTLE now , and now a NATION bleeds.

Ah , PITT ! of late thy counsels draw disgrace :
 The spring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.
 When reputation *sickens* , toil is vain —
 No *nostrum* gives the bloom of health again !
 No more (so grateful to the sense) a *rose* , **
 It drops , a *putrid carcase* , to the crows .
 I mark the pompous column of thy fame
 Fast crumbling to the dust from whence it came ;

* His most honourable Majesty , our late good and firm Ally , the King of Prussia , like the Gentlemen of the Bar , requires very often a *refresher* before his Cannon can plead.

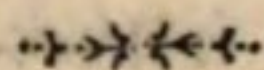
** To avoid ambiguity here (for I have been questioned about it ,) I mean the sweet-smelling *rose of the fields* , and not Mr. *George Rose* of the *Treasury*.



And see thy thund'ring day in silence close,
 While WISDOM triumphs o'er the pale repose.
 Too much thou courtest Danger's dizzy height;
 The treach'rous sands may sink beneath thy feet—
 Thy kite, that reeling, shifting, mounts the storm,
 May force heav'n's flash upon thy feeble form!
 Think not I wish with Satire's blade to *play*,
 And, charm'd with man's disgraces, selfish say,
 « Let folly root in Ministers and Kings—
 « While rank and thick, like Aconite, it springs,
 « Delighted on the precious load I look,
 « And hail a harvest for the MUSE's hook. »

Still to be *serious*, PITT, before we part:
 Let MERCY melt the mill-stone of thy heart. *
 How nobler far, for honest fame to toil,
 And change a kingdom's *curses* for a *smile*!
 Yet, if resolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair*,
 And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare,
 Say, (for methinks the land has much to dread),
 How long in safety may we wear the *head*?
 Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the yoke;
 Enough our sides have felt the goad and stroke;

(*) I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this Statesman, which is rather marked with severity. As for the *domestic*, it possesses some traits belonging to the JOLLY GOD. Even Parliament last year saw him enter the walls of St. Stephen, arm in arm with his dear colleague and constant companion *Honest Harry Dundas*; both fortunately conducted to the Treasury Bench without a fall, by the boozing, reeling DEITY, where « *Palinurus* nodded at the helm. »

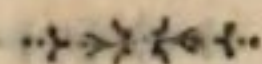


Then cease to make, by further irritation,
Our *patience* the sole rock of thy salvation.

Of late hath GLORY quarrell'd with thy fame;
POOR PUBLIC CREDIT founder'd! — lame, quite
RAPACITY too oft extends her jaw, [lame —
Fresh wets her fang, and points her iron claw!
The arm of VENGEANCE drops not *lightly* down,
Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown —
PROFUSION vilely foster'd — HONOUR dead;
RESENTMENT's eye looks dangerously red.
Believe me, PITT, not yet is *thine* the realm,
Not *thine* the ship, because thou hold'st the helm:
Such is the voice of TRUTH! — perhaps it wounds —
Friend to *thyself* and ENGLAND, heed the sounds;
Sounds to *alarm* — and let not, though severe,
The breath of FOLLY brush them from thine ear.
Vain is rough bluster—vainly dar'st thou say,
« Poh! *danger!* * I have met its trying day »—
For, ah! too often, boastful of his wars,
Rank COWARDICE assumes the mien of MARS.

Dim though *thy* beam, the MUSE's eagle eye
Beholds a tempest in the distant sky;
Dull though *thy tympanum*, her nicer ear
Catches a thunder-growl from yonder sphere;
She sees sharp FATE amid the gathering gloom;
A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom;

* At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. Horne Tooke, on the subject of Delegation, when Mr. Memory Middleton was beat *hollow* by the PRIME MINISTER.



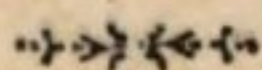
But dares not *name* the MELANCHOLY FORM,
Whom GUILT has mark'd the *victim* of the storm.

Now to be *gay* again — should FAMINE rise,
The meagre spectre, on a SOVEREIGN's eyes,
And should the groan of BRITAIN's bleeding wound
Press on the shrinking ear—a killing sound;
Be whistles blown, and bells of children rung;
The fav'rite little farthing rush-light sung;
Let dancing-dogs, delighting, form their ball,
Whips crack, and grinding hurdy-gurdies squall;
While crown'd with chimney-sweepers on their
In deep-ton'd unisons the asses bray; [way,
Such as at Frogmore, * form'd to please a PAIR,
The true SUBLIME of Monarchs, a DUTCH FAIR!
And as again, on Frogmore's happy Green,
More shows shall gladden our good King and
[Queen; **

Suppose DUNDAS and THOU (a Princely sport),
Play some farce-character to charm the Court,
And boldly run the gantelope through a mob,
That execrates, that damns the Powder job;
Where Barbers, Hair-dressers, Perfumers, throng,
To hoot and hustle as ye course along;
Dash with their powder-bags your brains about,
With many a kick, and scoff, and grunt, and shout;
Each face with tallow and with dripping smear;
And with hot pincers tweak each nose and ear!

* A Villa near Windsor, belonging to the Queen.

** This is absolutely determined on, in the Frogmore Senate.



Lo! should it miss the *royal* approbation,
I'll answer for the *plaudit* of the NATION.

Such is the song — and do not thou, severe,
With *treason, treason*, fill a royal ear.
A gentle joke, at times, on Queens and Kings,
Are pleasant, taking, nay, *instructive* things:
Yet *some* there are, who relish not the sport,
That flutter in the sunshine of a Court;
Who, fearful song might mar their high ambition,
Loose the gaunt dogs of State, and bawl « *sedition!* »

CORIN'S PROFESSION,

OR THE

SONG OF CONSTANCY.

Now, JOAN, we are *married* — and now, let me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear JOAN, I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my JOAN,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a *throne*.



Thou shalt milk our *one* cow; and if fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my JOAN may milk
[*two* :

I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbours at eve with our ale;
For, JOAN, who would wish for *self only* to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy CORIN a grain;
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But, yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll
[remember;
That thy *May* was my own, when thou shewest *De-*
[*cember*;

And when AGE to my *head* shall his winter impart,
The summer of *Love* shall reside in my *heart*.

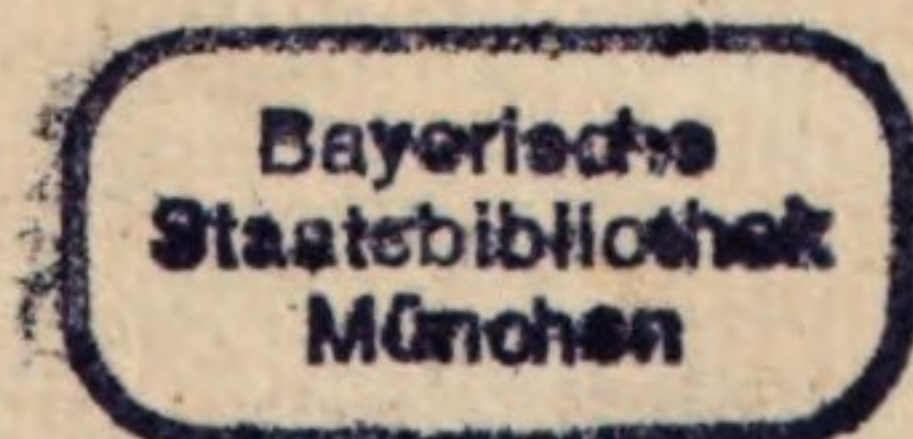


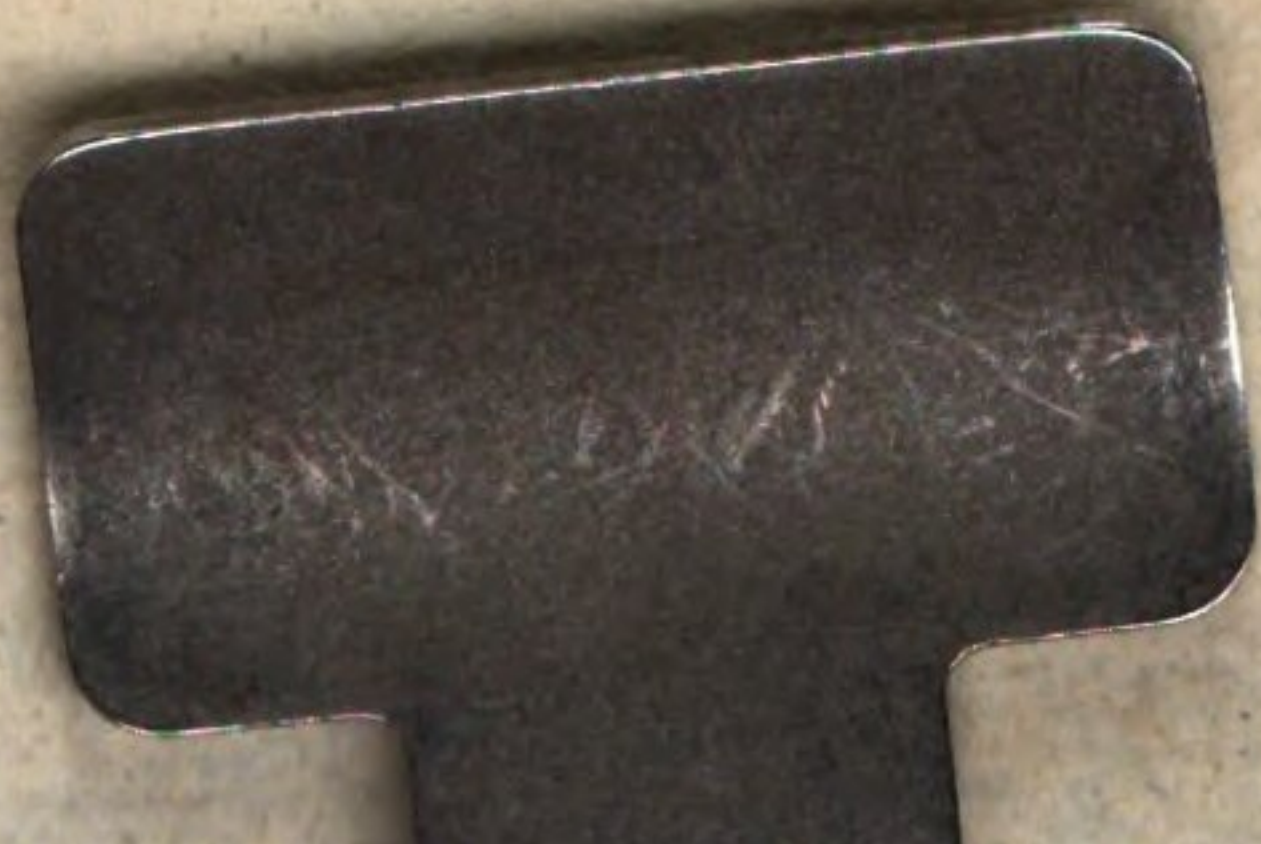
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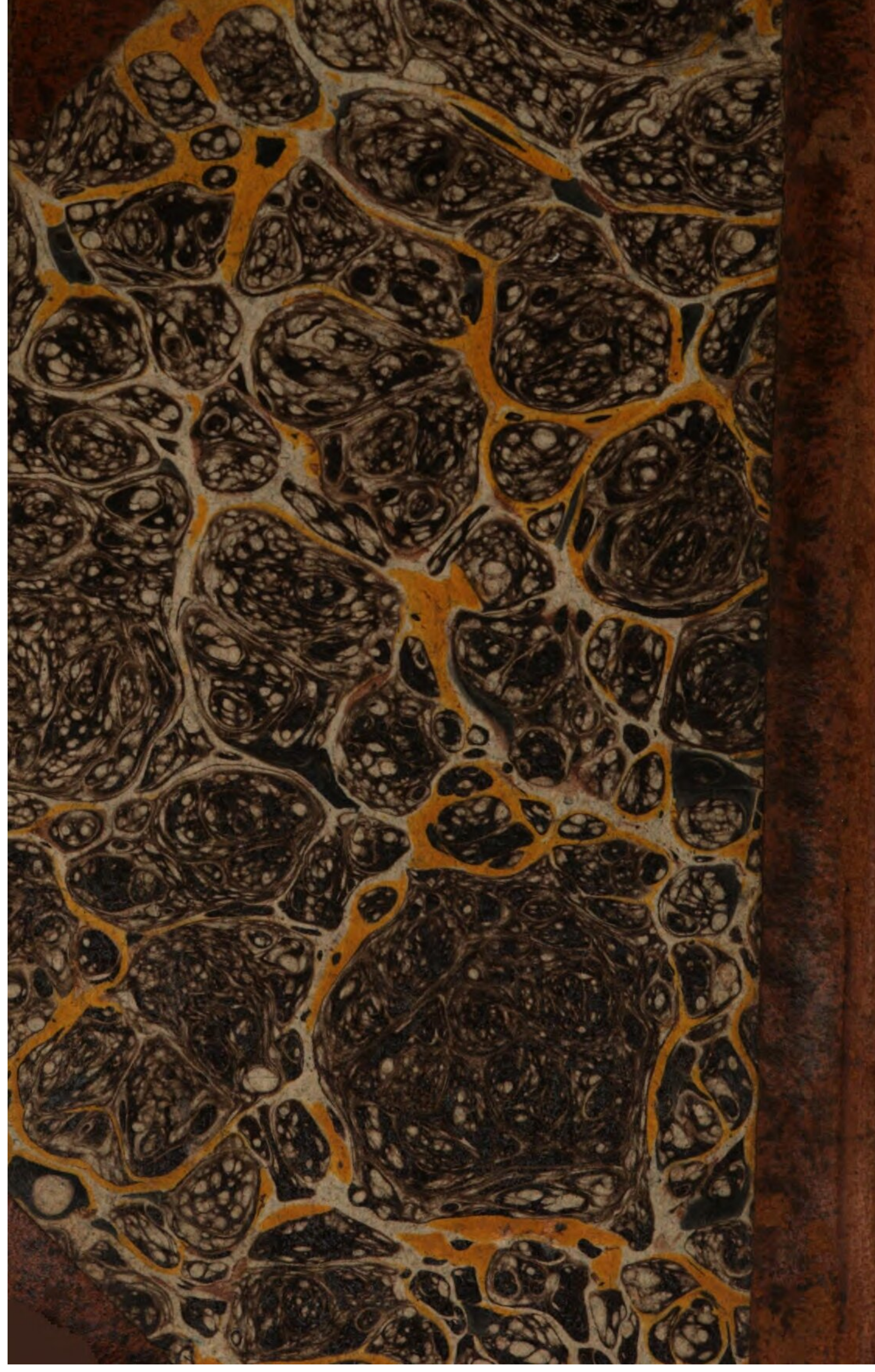
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N. B. The *LOUSIAD*, one of the most admired satirical pieces of Pindar, will be given complete in some future number.

In our next, the poetical works of *BLOOMFIELD*, a living poet of deserved popularity, will be given complete.







Wolcot, John,

Odes, epistles

Paris 1804

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